"LITTLE WILLIE" HOHENZOLLERN IN PEACE AND IN WAR
EXCERPTS FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE EX-CROWN PRINCE

SAYS VON MOLTKE WOULD HAVE LED ARMS TO VICTORY

"Willie" Parades His Presence Through the Various Phases of the Great Campaign, Never Taking Blame, But Invariably Emphasizing His Superior Judgment—Field Marshals Made Mistakes Which He Would Have Avoided.

LONDON, June 10.

THE ineffable ex-crown prince of Germany—"Little Wil" " to the popular imagination—has been spending his exile in Holland writing a book about himself. The result is now published as "The Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany."

With the text, which is full of vanity-struck, self-adulation, are twenty-five pictures of "author," including "Little Willie:"

As a sportsman.
Killing elephants.
With his wife in the trenches.
As an artist.
In pre-war days.
In exile.
Hunting antelopes.
As a general.

He has absolutely dissected himself, and tells the world about his childhood days; describes his training as a soldier, sportsman and student; his movements and experiences matrimonial and post-matrimonial in stress and storm; in the war and in exile. He opens:

"When I look back upon my childhood there rises before me, as it were, a submerged world of radiance and sunshine.

"As far as I can remember the center of our existence has been our dearly beloved mother.

"The relations between us children and our father were totally different. In reviewing our childhood I can scarcely discover a scene in which he joins in our childish games with unconstrained mirth or happy abandon."

MEETING WITH BISMARCK.

"Willie" tells of walking into a room and meeting Prince Bismarck for the first time. "The prince laid down his pen, gripped my shoulder with his giant palm, and looked into my face with his penetrating eyes. Then he nodded and said 'Little prince, I like the look of you. Keep your fresh naturalness.' "

He goes on to describe a scene with the ex-kaiser. The crown prince was restricted from races or drag-hunting on account of the danger.

"I had just ridden my first public race in the Berlin-Potsdam Riding Club," he writes. "Next morning the kaiser ordered me to appear before him at the new palace in regimentals. There was thunder in the air.

"You've been racing?"

"Zu befehl."

"You know that it is forbidden?"

"Zu befehl."

"Why did you do it, then?"

"Because I am passionately fond of it and because I think it a good thing for a crown prince."

"Well, anyway, did you win?"

"Unfortunately, I was beaten by a short head."

"The kaiser thumped the table irritably. 'That's very annoying. Now be off with you. This time my father had understood me.

"On the whole," continues the crown prince, "my lieutenancy was an incomparably pleasant time. What I learned in the Foot Guards formed the foundation of my entire military career—iron discipline and Prussian drill."

"I WAS A SOLDIER."

"In those days, however, I was, above all, heart and soul a soldier, and every evening I looked forward with pleasure to my next day's duties."

Later, he adds: "The hours of my delightful Bonn days that were not occupied in study or in corps life I employed in intercourse with all classes of the people.

"In a visit to the Sultan Abdul Hamid at Constantinople my brother accompanied me on the piano, and we played for the Sultan an air from 'Cavalleria Rusticana' and a cavatina by Raff.

"In my twenty-second year I was appointed to the command of a company of the First Foot Guards. My general principles were energetic spells of duty, unmolested rest, plenty of furlough, fun in the barracks, excursions, theaters, and a minimum of punishments."

Speaking of court festivities, the ex-crown prince says: "For my part, these festivities, in which everyone made a show of his own vainglory, soon lost their attraction for me"—an extraordinary utterance from "Little Willie."

CALLS CZAR WEAK.

Indignantly he asks: "Shall I take any notice of all the nonsense that has been talked and written concerning my married life? I can say this: Whenever the newspapers printed such things as 'Divorce of the crown prince imminent,' my wife and I had a good laugh. What a craving for sensation possesses the public!"—and others.

Discussing the late Czar Nicholas, the author declares: "He was not, in my judgment, the person that Russia needed on the throne. He lacked resolution and touch." So there!

"In October, 1907, I welcomed the kaiser's attaching me to the home office, to the exchequer, and to the admiralty at Potsdam. I was, however, to wait before being initiated into questions of foreign policy. • • • Thus I found myself absorbed in the study of the German and foreign press. The pulse of our life is the newspaper; in it beats the heart of the times."

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In an interlude he comments: "I felt that sooner or later the German empire would become involved in a war unless the opposition between it and England was removed. • • • Prince Bismarck once said that he was willing to love England, but England refused to be loved.

"I am aware that there is a tendency to impute to King Edward a personal hatred of Germany. • • • To my mind, such a presentation of his character is totally lacking in reality. • • • That trait which was so often to be observed in the kaiser of readily attributing his positive failures to the activities of individuals directed against himself may here play some part." What will the ex-kaiser say to that?

Again he jumps forward to exile in July, 1919, thus • • • "Three-quarters of a year have passed in which the closely circumscribed space and its inhabitants have become dear to me, in which the vast silence and sky and sea, the privacy and seclusion have brought me much that I had never possessed before.

"I am not unhappy in my loneliness, but • • • it makes me hope that a future will somehow open up the possibility of my working as a German for the German Fatherland."

"I AM AFFECTIONATE."

He gets off some interesting personal analysis thus:

"I am not sentimental." "I was always precise."

"Sport is ingrained in me."

"Naturally, I am affectionate."

• • •

He comes to the eve of war, August 2, 1914, and recounts a scene with Bethmann-Hollwegg, the imperial chancellor.

"Bethmann: Your imperial highness is going to the front?"

"Myself: Yes."

"Bethmann: Will the army do it?"

"Myself: Whatever an army can do, we shall do."

"Bethmann: England will certainly remain neutral.'

"Myself: You will receive the declaration of war in a few days.'

And "little Willie" was right for once.

He parades his virtuous presence through the various phases of the great campaign, never taking blame and invariably emphasizing his superior judgment. Chancellors, field marshals, statesmen—what are they? They simply make mistakes which the ex-crown prince would have avoided. Thus:

"Whenever I think of the senseless and incomprehensible flinging away of successes gained, whenever all the horror of that insensate folly comes before me, I see the tragic figure of a man who ought to have led—General von Moltke."

"Among the many untruths disseminated about me by spite or stupidity," this conceited young man says in another chapter, "is the assertion that I am responsible for the losses at Verdun and the ultimate failure there."

LAUGHING MURDERER.

"Even during these last few days I have read it: 'The crown prince the laughing murderer of Verdun.' So that's what I am, is it? It cuts me to the quick. It touches the unsullied relations to the troops entrusted to me. • • • So much for my laughter, and I can only confess it—I am still able to laugh."

"Our authorities preferred to ration the truth," is a comment here.

Musingly he adds: "All the faces of pre-war years? I fancy we have all learned a great deal by bitter experience. And yet it is only seven years ago. How swiftly life rushes on. And in another seven years? God knows."

He describes intimately the events leading up to the great German collapse and the kaiser's flight from Spa and gives a letter written to him which runs:

"My Dear Boy—As the field marshal cannot guarantee my safety here (Spa) and will not pledge himself for the reliability of the troops, I have decided, after a severe inward struggle, to leave the disorganized army. Berlin is totally lost; it is in the hands of socialists. • • • Till the troops start home I recommend continuing at your post and keeping the troops together. God willing, I trust we shall meet again. Your sorely stricken father, Wilhelm."

• • •

And with a few details of his exile in Holland he concludes: "I have finished. But I would not say 'Good-bye' to those Germans who have followed my course without expressing to them the wishes that fill my heart for them for us all, for our sacred fatherland."

EX-PRINCE IN EXILE

INTERNATIONAL NEWS REEL

WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN,
From photograph taken recently at his cottage in Holland.

MEMOIRS FILLED WITH CONCEIT AND SELF-ADULATION

The Exile Admits That He Was a Good Soldier; That He Is Affectionate, and That He and His Wife Had Good Laughs Over the Newspaper Stories of His "Impending Divorce."

HOHENZOLLERNS' LOVES QUEER

By KARL H. VON WIEGAND.

BERLIN, June 10.

UNHAPPY marriages have by no means been a rare thing in the Hahenzollern family, but only once in the history of this now defunct dynasty has an official mistress exercised an influence comparable to that of the long line of women who presided over the destinies of the French court during the reign of the Louis.

Only one woman could with justice be called the "Prussian Pompadour," and her reign of influence commenced while Frederick the Great was still on the throne.

It was not this monarch, however, but his nephew and successor, Frederick William II, called "William the Stout," who, while a young officer of the famous Garde du Corps, in Potsdam, made the discovery that one of the trumpeters of the regiment possessed a young and beautiful daughter.

RETURNED POLISHED JEWEL.

She was sent at his expense to Paris and educated in all the fine arts for which the French capital was famous.

Marie, for such was her name, was initiated into the dead and the living languages, had lessons in philosophy and literature from the professors of the Sorbonne, became an adept in music and dancing, and returned a polished jewel to her royal friend and patron.

Twice married to princesses of royal blood who had the misfortune to bore him, he was completely under the spell of the young charmer.

The old Fritz, who still swayed the sceptre of Prussia, had learned by experience the woes of an unhappy marriage, and was thus disposed to wink his eye at the indiscretions of his successor, on the condition, however, that the succession be insured along legitimate lines.

This command not being obeyed with the necessary alacrity Frederick the Great sent one of his chamberlains to stress the matter, who was promptly thrown out by the hot-headed lover.

In the course of time, Frederick the Great was gathered to his fathers and one of Frederick William II first acts upon ascending the throne was to confer the title of Countess Lichtenau upon his favorite, who out of concession to the proprieties had been given in marriage to one of the court chamberlains.

Her qualities of mind and soul seem to have exerted as great an influence upon her royal lover as did her physical charms. Foreign diplomats at the Prussian court sued for her favor, and her fame spread throughout Europe.

The English, in particular, made the most persistent efforts to stand well with the royal favorite, as they were in desperate need of Prussia's support in their war with France.

The countess presented the monarch several children, and in time her position at court became so formidable that even the king's lawful wife and the legitimate offspring of this union treated the countess with the greatest deference. Never before nor since has the Berlin court been treated to so delectable a spectacle.

GREAT ELECTOR'S ESCAPADE.

In this connection a curious episode is told from the life of an earlier Hohenzollern ruler.

When the Great Elector, a man of most inordinate vanity, received permission from the Viennese court to exchange the electoral hat for the crown of a Prussian king, he thought it only fitting that he should follow the example set him by his royal confrere, the "Sun King" of France—by achieving a mistress.

Count Wartenberg, one of his ministers, and a man of great astuteness, placed at his sovereign's disposal his own wife—a lady with a stormy past, who was born into the world as the daughter of a simple wine grower on the Rhine, but by reason of her beauty and charms basked in the favor of the German nobility.

The Queen Sophie Charlotte, the learned friend of the philosopher Leibnitz, who once said of her that she "wished to know the wherefore even of the why"—looked on amused at this liaison, which curiously enough was of a platonic nature.

She knew that vanity was the impelling motive and seemed not to begrudge her unattractive spouse the gratification of being seen on the promenade with the countess, who it was also known, visited his apartments at stated hours, and otherwise relieved the tedium of his leisure hours.

"Our Government Is 'Just Like a Man,' But Women's Votes Can Change It"---Norris

Being Made Voters Has Not Changed Actual Position of Women; It Merely Gave Means of Changing It, Says Noted Woman Writer.

WE all know the old illustration used over and over again to typify a certain sort of neglectful husband. It is said of him that he is like the man who has caught a car.

The man has run for the car, chased the car, panted and struggled madly in the wake of the car, made a triumphant spring for the last platform, congratulated himself upon his good luck, and then—settled down comfortably in a good seat, opened his paper, and given the car no more thought from that time on.

To too many husbands the wife is in the position of the car. She was desired, she was pursued, she was vitally important in his life—until she was secured. And then she is dismissed as a fact accomplished, something to be taken entirely and comfortably for granted.

Women resent this attitude bitterly, and in almost every mail I have a leter from some indignant wife asking me why this "characteristically masculine" point-of-view should be endured.

SITTING BACK CONTENTED.

But I wonder if it is characteristically masculine? It seems to me the illustration of the caught car applies even more accurately just now to the position of American women toward the ballot.

I don't mean the women who did not want it; their stand has been at least consistent throughout. They expressed themselves as being entirely satisfied with a world managed by men, and with the purely domestic duties of their homes, and asserted that whenever they needed civic representation they would prefer to ask their men to represent them in the devious haunts of politics.

But what about us other women, who wanted representation as citizens, and fought for it? Aren't we already somewhat in the position of the man who has caught the car?

It was only a few years ago that we were maintaining our right to say who should rule us, what laws should be made for us, what conditions should govern our lives. But to how many of us is the ballot an end in itself instead of a means to an end—to any end?

"Was the hope drunk?" asks Lady Macbeth.

Was the hope drunk, wherein you dressed yourself?
Hath it slept since? And wakes it now to look
So green and pale at what it did so freely?

What did we hope for the ballot, what did we plan, what was it to mean to us?

We know that the mere fact of being made voters did not change our actual position at all; it merely gave us the right to change it, if we wanted to. It was as if we were made members in a large club. Whether we use that club wisely, whether we ever enter it at all, is an entirely personal matter.

LEAGUE OF 30,000,000 WOMEN.

I suppose that never before in the history of the world has a movement that affected the citizenship of 30,000,000 persons been so quietly affected. No great war ever freed so many unfranchised people, and no country ever attempted to assimilate even one-hundredth part of so tremendous a body at once. The circumstances are extraordinary, we have no precedent, and we hardly know ourselves exactly what has happened.

If we 30,000,000 Americans women were 30,000,000 Russians or Chinese who had broken away from our old country and come to the new with the express intention of becoming citizens, the world would stand still until it was informed of what our intentions were. Were we for the old order, or was ours a new platform?

It is safe to say that America, and much less any other country in the world, would not for one instant consider the admission of this incalculable power without due promises and safeguards.

Yet we have been admitted to citizenship—30,000,000 women who should be already leagued together to accomplish the first and most important steps toward contributing our share to the Government of our country.

Not outside our own sphere, no, not with ignorant and dangerous meddling. But in those vital matters that are essentially ours; in everything that affects our own lives, and those of our children, and those of our men; which is to say, in the greatest questions in the business of living.

Homes, husbands, children—why, are not these essentially the nation? What else is important, beside them, and who can deny that they are women's special sphere?

MEN HAVE MADE MESS.

The government at Washington—that ramified and involved and complicated and baffling multiplication table of errors—that is just what the men who went out of our grandmothers' kitchens and parlors have made it. It towers before us, we newcomers with our cramping past behind us, and our ballot with the ink not yet dry, and we shrink from it. We cannot understand it, we plead, it is all so mixed and so disillusioning and so confused; if means delay and expense and humiliation to touch it at all!

I have spent many months in Washington; I have sat in the Senate for whole days, and in the House. To me the whole administration of our national business seems something like this:

Clerks at high salaries that you and I pay—empty seats of representatives who know that nobody will ever question or know anything—tremendous straining at gnats and the quiet swallowing of camel after camel—rooms and rooms full of useless papers piled up year after year, and other rooms full of highly salaried men and women employed to write more papers and pile them up—tactful lists and budgets to silence constituents, and hundreds and thousands and millions of dollars wasted and disappearing without a word of explanation—filing, docketing, telephoning, ordering, increasing salary lists, increasing floor space, increasing staffs—

And then just occasionally a little scandal raised about some question of thirty thousand dollars, or about some special patent or pension, and we are all impressed, that there is so virtuous a stir about so small an abuse!

VOTES CAN CURE EVILS.

Meanwhile, children work in factories—meanwhile the country winks at bootlegging—meanwhile babies die like forlorn little starved and neglected flowers—meanwhile the wage question, the divorce question, the servant question, the housing question, the emigrant question, taxes and schools and contagion and waste and greed run mad!

And do I think that having women in politics would necessarily cure all these evils?

Well, I am not going to try to make you think exactly what I do, but my own answer to that would be "yes."

For I believe that women have different ideals than men, and I believe that when we women know what we want—when we stop living according to the old harem standard of ignorance and idleness—that men will suddenly realize (they always do!) that they, the men themselves, want what the women do!

More business efficiency and the multiplication of brainless, insensate things like buildings, and machines, and offices and tracks, have been carried to the point of insanity. Men have feverishly pushed on, outstripping records as fast as they were established, complicating details, growing more and more material, losing all sense of proportion, until now their government seems to them but one more element to subjugate to their own ambition, and to ramify and elaborate and expand to their own profit and their country's loss.

This is our opportunity! This is the hour in which the women of America should come forward with a new ideal!

To we women in small towns and villages, the task is comparatively simple; the politics of a small town are those of the greatest city on a smaller scale. There is nothing in them that an intelligent woman cannot master, and I can promise her that when she does master them she will be astonished—and perhaps ashamed.

POLITICS LIKE THE HOME.

And to us of the cities the problem is only a little more difficult, and the sense of developed power and of conscious responsibility that knowledge brings us a rich reward.

After three months—after three weeks!—of study, you and I will realize that the elaborate structure men have built about the simple business of running a rich and well-intentioned and intelligent nation is just—well, as we so often say, "just like a man!" and that we may say to them in this affair what we do when the plumber comes to put up the furnace, or the painters come to paint the house, or on moving day, or when the cook leaves just before the company dinner:

"Now, please don't get so excited, dear, and make so much fuss about everything! It's quite simple, there's nothing mysterious and dreadful about it. You only confuse me when you say I can't do it, for when your welfare or that of the children is concerned I can do anything!

"Politics is only the children, and you, and the home, after all—and I've been running you since Cain cut his baby teeth!"

This is one of a series of Woman to Woman Talks on present day family and social problems that Mrs. Norris, America's best loved and most popular woman writer, is writing especially for this newspaper. Another talk will be printed next Sunday.

KATHLEEN NORRIS SAYS

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"To Women in Small Communities, the Task Is Simple—There Is Nothing in Small-town Politics That an Intelligent Woman Cannot Master."

Man Failed to Die; Gets Funeral Bill

PARIS, June 10.—Whether a man can justly be called upon to pay for his own funeral is a question agitating a court in Maine et Loir, France.

A wealthy contractor, Francois Tery, was lying, so the doctors said, at death's door. Confident that the door would open, relatives prepared for a sumptuous funeral. A plot of ground was purchased in a neighboring cemetery and a splendid headstone ordered.

Then the contractor got well and declined positively to pay the bills for a funeral which, he asserted, he might not need for years.

The undertaker brought suit against the contractor, who politely referred them to his relatives. The relatives haven't the money.

So far the court has been cogitating on the case for six weeks.